

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## TWENTY TIMES A DAY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Twenty times a day, dear,  
Your mother thinks about you,  
At school, or else at play,  
She's busy in the kitchen,  
Or she's busy up the stairs;  
But, like a song her heart within,  
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,  
She wishes you would do.  
I'll whisper 'tis a secret;  
Now, mind, I'll tell it you:  
Twenty times a day, dear,  
And more, I've heard you say,  
"I'm coming in a minute,"  
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers instant,  
At the motion of command;  
At once, as sailors seeing  
The captain's waring hand.  
You could make the mother happy  
By minding in that way,  
Twenty times a day, dear,  
Twenty times a day.

## THE CHEYENNE RAID.

AD. H. GIBSON IN "THE GOLDEN DAYS."

In the fall of 1878, between four and five hundred Cheyenne Indians escaped from their reservation in Indian Territory, and, separating into squads, committed many acts of atrocity on the settlers and stockmen of Western Kansas.

The Indians purposed to return to their former hunting-ground in Nebraska, which they had reluctantly left under military authority. Their hand was against every white man, and they left a trail of bloodshed and desolation behind them. The troops, which had been sent to force the runaway Cheyennes back to their reservation, were of little or no avail in preventing their evil depredations and the merciless slaughter of many white people living along the frontier.

Like the sudden descent of a destructive storm, the Cheyennes came down upon the unsuspecting settlers of these prairies, burning cabins and other property and sparing no one.

At the time of these fearful raids there was a family living in a little cabin on a prairie stream, in Sheridan County.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bassett and their two boys, Edward and Frank. The two boys were alone at the cabin. Their parents had gone that morning to a town twelve miles distant to do some necessary trading, never dreaming of the doom so soon to visit their peaceful neighborhood.

Edward Bassett was a boy of fourteen, with a manly face, fearless blue eyes and strong limbs. He was sitting on a log near the side of the cabin, his hands occupied with a knife, whittling out of a piece of pine board some simple toy for his less fortunate younger brother.

Frank Bassett was ten years old, and his pale, thin face, with its pathetic dark eyes, told only too plainly that his young life had borne much suffering.

An accident had made the boy a cripple, but not a peevish, entirely helpless one. He could not walk much without some aid from the other, but he was always patient, and very useful in helping his busy mother.

Frank's character was quite as manly as that of his robust brother, and his less active life gave him a great advantage in reading and study. Just then Frank sat in the doorway reading aloud, as he often did while Edward occupied himself with knife and pine stick.

Suddenly their pleasant pastime was disturbed by hearing a horseman come tearing alone down the prairie road toward the cabin.

"Who is it?" asked Frank.

"It's Ira Sykes, I think," answered Edward, watching the horseman approach.

"Yes, it's Ira, and he's coming here."

Both boys were now intently watching the horseman as he rode rapidly toward them.

Ira Sykes was an honest, good-hearted cowboy, employed at a neighboring ranch, and the Bassett boys wondered what Ira wanted at the cabin.

The cowboy dashed up, reined in his pony, and addressed the boys:

"Hello, yer kids! Whar's yer father an' mother?"

"Gone to town," replied Edward.

Ira's face looked troubled, but he said quickly:

"Well, I reckon yer kids hev lived out hyar on ther nary long 'nough not ter be plumb cowards, anyhow. The time has now come fur yer ter show yer nerve. Ther blamed red skins hev made a break frum ther Injun Nation, an' air comin' mighty fast onter this hyar settlement, a mowing down ther whites likes a reg'lar tornado."

"The Injuns!" ejaculated both boys, their eyes large from sudden alarm.

"Are they the real bad, scalping Injuns, Ira?" asked Edward, glancing apprehensively at his afflicted brother.

"Ther rail, dog-gorn, scalpin' kind, Ed," assured the cowboy. "I'm ridin' as fast as I kin ter warn ther fam'lies out on Wolf Creek, an' git them ter ride fur the towns whar they kin hev pertection. Ther's no time ter fool away, boys. Ef yer want ter save yer scalps, yer must pull outen hyar ter onct. See that big smoke a risin' up down ter the southwest? Ther's ther red imps a burnin' ther cabins an' haystacks on Antelope purary." Edward jumped up and ran to the corner of the cabin, where he could see in the direction in which Ira pointed.

All along the southwestern horizon he could see great columns of dense smoke ascending, and rendering the October sunlight more hazy than was natural.

"Come, Ed," Ira called, "Yer must git away from hyar."

"Yes," answered the boy, evidently sorely perplexed, "but how? Father has the horse. I might run, but Frank never could."

And his face was intensely troubled.

"I'll tell yer, Ed, Bill Skaggs is jest loadin' up two wagons ter light out fur safer quarters, an' ef yer'll hurry over yer kin ketch his outfit an' git a ride ther. Hyar, put Frank up behind me, an' I'll ride back ter Skaggs' with him."

"That would delay you, Ira," said Edward, thinking of the unwarned settlers. "It's a mile to Bill Skaggs', and you would have to ride all the way back, and you might be too late to warn the people on Wolf Creek."

"But yer never kin manage ter git him ter Skaggs'," declared Ira.

"I think I'll manage it all right, Ira, with that little cart here," said Edward, pointing to a stout little wagon, which he had himself made for the purpose of giving his lame brother frequent rides out in the fresh air and sunlight.

Ira looked at the cart, as if he doubted its strength, which expression Edward at once understood.

"Come, Frank," he said, gently, "let me help you into the cart and show Ira that it's to be trusted."

Carefully Edward placed his crippled brother in the cart; then, grasping the pole which served as tongue, he started away from the cabin.

Frank, although his pale face betrayed how much the news of the Indian raid had frightened him, looked back at the cowboy as he said:

"Thank you, Ira, for warnin' us about the Injuns. Go on and try to save others."

And his words had the ring of an heroic spirit.

He had perfect faith in Edward's ability to take him safe to Bill Skaggs', through whose kindness the boys hoped to escape the Cheyennes.

Ira looked after them a second, then called to Edward:

"Say, Ed, hadn't ye bes' take yer pap's gun from ther cabin," fore ye leave it fur kindlin' wood fur them theivin' copperhides?"

"Father took it with him to shoot prairie-chickens on the way to town," Edward replied.

"Well, Skaggs kin fit yer out, ef yer need any shootin'-irons."

So saying, he rode away on his noble but perilous mission.

Edward started on a brisk trot, making the cart spin along after him over the rolling prairie. At any other time the brothers would

have enjoyed the exercise, but now all pleasure was swallowed up in the fears which they could not help entertaining with regard to their approaching foes.

Often the boys would look over their shoulders toward the columns of smoke in the southwest, and both could tell that every minute it was drawing nearer to them.

"I wonder if Bill will be gone?" Frank questioned, with a whiter face.

"I hope he won't," said Edward. "I'm doing my best to get there in time."

"Oh, I wish I could walk!" And tears stood in the dark eyes of the poor boy.

"Never mind, Frank," said the other, very tenderly. "I like to look after you."

And away he ran, his strong arms drawing the little wagon along faster than ever.

But, luckless fate! They had not gone half the distance required to reach Bill Skaggs' ranch, when, on hurrying down a rocky ravine, one of the wooden pegs which held the wheels on, broke, and the cart came to a stand-still.

The delay would be dangerous to their escape, for Skaggs would very likely be gone before the damage could be repaired.

However, Edward was a brave boy, and he did not stop to bewail the accident, but set to work to make a new peg as fast as fingers and knife could work. For this purpose he found a piece of charred wood which some emigrant wagons had used for the camp fire a few days before.

It was the best that he could do, and whittling away the charred parts, he at last had a peg made to remedy the deficiency, and one that he believed might be trusted to aid them in finishing their flight as far as Skaggs' ranch.

Patience, yet full of strange forebodings—which, however, he kept bravely to himself—Frank sat on the grass and waited till his faithful brother had the cart ready for him; then he got into it, and silently they again started toward their neighbor's.

Edward, too, could not avoid feeling that they would most likely be too late to catch Bill Skaggs' wagons.

He was puzzling his brain to think what they would do in that event, but he hurried on, and did not impart his fears to Frank.

All at once a party of horsemen, pursuing a herd of cattle off to the south, appeared in sight.

They headed directly toward the boys, and were riding madly across the prairies.

"Oh, Eddie, they are Injuns!" cried Frank in a scared voice.

"Yes; but whatean we do?" said Edward, the surprise rendering him for the moment quite helpless.

"It's plain we can't reach Bill's, without being seen by them."

They were indeed Cheyennes, about a dozen of them, intent on pursuing a herd of cattle to slaughter, after their greedy, wasteful manner.

The number of cattle killed and driven away by the Cheyennes during their raid that autumn, was very considerable.

On, on the frightened cattle came across prairie, their savage pursuers riding furiously after them, evidently trying to turn their course westward.

Edward gazed at them for a minute, if as the wild spectacle had fascinated him. But he realized that immediate concealment for himself and Frank was the one thing now vastly necessary.

"Frank, we must hide, for the Injuns are coming like the wind," decided Edward.

"Yes, we can't reach Skaggs' now," said Frank, nervously. "Do you think they have seen us?"

"Not plainly enough to tell what we are from this distance. The prairie grass is too high."

But prairie grass would not afford a very secure hiding-place from keen Indian eyes. All around them it waved in billowy luxuriance, as the October breezes swept over it. All was rolling prairie, except just behind them the rocky ravine, with bushes here and there, and now and then a solitary tree, cottonwood or elm, on its banks.

Some little distance up the ravine

was an old dug-out, in the steep bank, in which the Bassetts had first lived when they came to Kansas.

Hopefully Edward thought of the old dug-out, as a possible safe refuge from the Indians.

Turning the cart around, he started back to the ravine, as fast as his legs could take them.

If the Cheyennes saw the boys, escape would be impossible.

The Indians were too completely engrossed with their mad chase of the herd to observe any dark object far out on the prairie from them. But they were swiftly drawing nearer, and the boys could not hope to escape observation much longer without concealing themselves.

Reaching the ravine, Edward started toward the old dug-out, which was fully a quarter of a mile distant.

If he had had only himself to look after, Edward would soon have gained the retreat in view, but the labor of pulling Frank in the cart greatly retarded his progress. The rank prairie grass would catch in the wheels, and it required no slight exertion to wrench them free.

An unseen rock suddenly brought the cart to a halt, and, when he at last freed it from that obstruction, Edward found to his dismay that the peg which he had made a half-hour ago had broken, and had let the wheel come off again.

There was not a moment to be wasted then in repairing the loss, for already the wild whoops of the Indians could be heard.

Without a moment's hesitation, and tired as he was already from terror and haste, as much as from the exertion used in drawing the cart, Edward picked up his crippled brother and hurried on toward the place of refuge.

"Leave me and run, Eddie," implored Frank, as another series of savage yells reached them. "You never can reach the dugout with me. This Injuns will be here. Drop me in the grass—maybe they won't find me. Crippled as I am, I'll never be any account. Do leave me and save yourself Eddie."

But Edward only grasped him more firmly in his arms, saying, heroically:

"The Injuns will never touch you first, Frank."

The Indians' shouts now came so much nearer that Frank believed they must have almost gained the ravine.

"Run ahead and leave me—do, please, Eddie," pleaded the little afflicted brother.

"Don't ask me to do such a thing, Frankie," replied the elder boy, choking back a sob that would come despite his heroic struggles to keep it back. "I'll not leave you. If we can't get to the dugout in time, we will let the Injuns take us both."

The horsemen rode rapidly to the spot where the cabin had stood, dismounted and began to search among the ashes and charred logs.

"My boys have either been killed somewhere on the prairie, or else are captives in the hands of the Cheyennes," said Mr. Bassett, in a husky voice.

"Don't give up yet," advised Ira Sykes. "I tell yer them's gritty kids o' your'n."

"What's that over thar?" asked Bill Skaggs, pointing to the ravine.

Every man in the party looked, and saw something on a pole waved violently in the air.

"Maybe a Injun trap ter draw us inter a ambush," suggested one.

"It's them thar blessed kids!" spoke Ira, springing into his saddle; "that's what it is. Didn't yer see two of 'em, an' one, with his hat on a stick, a-wavin' toward us?"

"You're right, Ira," said Mr. Bassett, in a choked voice. "It's my boys, thank God! They found refuge in the dug-out."

Almost wild with joy, the father rode toward the signal that Edward had used to attract them.

In a few moments Edward and Frank, weak and pale from their great fright and long fasting, but safe, were pressed to the heart of the grateful settler.

It is said that butter contains 40 times as many microbes as oleomargarine.

prairie, where his fright gained a new impetus from the Indian raiders.

The interior of the dug-out was dry, and as soon as the boys had regained their breath sufficiently, they drew away from the entrance, crouching in terrified suspense. Would the Indians find them there, after all their difficult struggles to conceal themselves?

They had barely withdrawn to the interior of the dug-out, when, they heard the whoops of the Indians not far away, and the pursued cattle came thundering along the ravine, some of them passing directly over the heads of the trembling boys, and dashing madly into the water and out to the prairie beyond.

The frightened herd passed out of sight, their dusky foes closely pursuing.

An hour after, when all seemed still, Edward crept to the door to reconnoitre. Suddenly he started back, his face white.

"What is it?" asked Frank's voice, almost sunk to a whisper.

The Injuns are burning Bill Skaggs' ranch. I can see the flames from here. It's good for us, Frank, that cart broke and delayed us, or we'd likely got there about the time the Injuns did, and too late to catch Bill."

"Yes I hope Bill's folks got away safe. And I hope father and mother are safe, too."

And Frank's tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks.

"They'll be troubled about us wherever they are," said Edward. "They will hear of the Injuns in town, and won't venture home to-night. But we are safe now, Frank, and let us hope for the best."

And Edward placed his arms about the sobbing boy, and tried to act as comforter.

All that day and the next the boys remained in the dug-out, suffering from the pangs of hunger, and not daring to venture out, for the prairies around them were full of straggling bands of Cheyennes, slaughtering cattle, plundering and burning cabins.

Their own cabin had been burnt soon after Bill Skaggs', and, as the boys had listened to the savage shouts so near to their hiding place, they had grown hopeless, and expected every moment that they would be discovered.

But the third day came, and they were safe still, but growing very weak from want of food. The pond had furnished them drink.

Edward ventured to the door of the dug-out to take a look around over the prairie. A band of mounted men came dashing along. Edward saw them, and turning, with a cry of joy, he exclaimed:

"Frank, we're rescued! Father and some others are riding this way; so the Injuns must be gone. Cheer up!"

And glad tears stood in the eyes of both boys.

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## "MUST" AS A MENTAL DISEASE.

"I must do it," "I felt that I had to;" "A higher power compelled me." These are the excuses of the "crank," as we call him, when he does some strange act. Sometimes what he does is harmless and simple; at other times it is murderous, as when the assassin of President Garfield committed his crime, as he asserted, by command of the Almighty. This idea that one must do something is, however, a very common one, and it is only when exaggerated that it becomes morbid; even then it is not strictly insanity, though it is a symptom of mental disease. Such compelling impulses are known to students of mental aberration as "imperative conceptions." They are thus described in an article by Dr. Theo. Diller, of Pittsburg, in a paper published in *The Medical News* (New York, January 11):

"The term imperative conception is somewhat misleading in that the command it implies is by no means always obeyed. Morbid impulses may frequently and for many years arise in an individual, and yet always be successfully resisted.

"Probably in all of us impulses, fears, or doubts arise suddenly in consciousness as isolated thoughts or emotions, and which may be apparently totally disconnected with the mental state immediately preceding their appearance. For instance, many of us, I presume, have been seized with the desire to count the windows or doors in passing along a street, or in walking to avoid carefully the cracks in a pavement, or to touch fence-posts. Looking from a great height the idea occurs to most persons to precipitate themselves below. The sight of a fragile piece of china or glassware suggests the idea that it could be readily crushed. A helpless child or a feeble invalid suggests how easily each could be killed. Certain words or phrases, lines of poetry or bars of music, may thrust themselves into consciousness at odd times.

"These simpler forms of imperative conceptions can not, of course, be considered abnormal in view of the fact that they probably occur in some shape to all persons. In normal individuals they never result in action contrary to volition.

In their exaggerated form, whether seen alone or in conjunction with some neurosis or psychosis, they constitute a serious symptom, and may be the dominant feature of a grave form of insanity. Between the extremes there are all gradations; and to say when an imperative conception ceases to be physiological or within the bounds of health would be as difficult as to say where sanity ends and insanity begins.

"Many morbid impulses and fears have received special names. The impulse to steal has been called kleptomania; to set fire to property, pyromania; the fear of open places, agoraphobia; the fear of narrow places, claustrophobia; the fear of dirt, mysophobia; the fear of crowds, anthrophobia; fear of fears, phobophobia.

"There can now be little doubt that certain crimes are due to sudden impulses which arise in the minds of persons who are not ordinarily regarded as insane, and which the subjects are wholly unable to resist.

"Impulses to suicide, or to make assaults, or do deeds of violence, or commit crimes, arise in many persons, and yet do not result in action—are not obeyed because they are put in subjection, so to speak, by the inhibitory forces of the mind.

When an impulse to commit crime arises and the inhibition to check it is insufficient, the crime is committed. This is the philosophy of the suicidal and homicidal impulse.

"The simpler forms of impulses, doubts, and fears can not, as I have said, be regarded as abnormal. In certain individuals, however, they may be so strong or persistent as to be distinctly morbid. For instance the impulse to touch fence-posts might be obeyed, without exciting comment, by a person passing along a quiet country road and successfully resisted without great effort, when under other circumstances these

actions would excite astonishment or subject him to ridicule. On the other hand, if he acted on the impulse, being unable to resist it, while walking with friends in city streets, the impulse would be distinctly abnormal. It might be present in the absence of any other abnormal manifestation of the mind."

## He Quit Smoking.

"How did you persuade your husband to give up smoking?" asked Miss Impolitic, who had just dismissed her lover because he declined to give up tobacco.

"Why," answered Mrs. Politic merrily, "I hated his vices as much as you do Mr. Stubbins' but knew that coercion would accomplish nothing. I would not marry a man would give up his vices on account of a foolish threat. On the contrary, I often assured my lover of my taste for the smell of smoke. In that way I put his mind at rest, so he felt that in me he would have an agreeable companion for life. He became eager to marry me. After we had settled down to married life, I began a process of suffocation. I cut a cigar the moment he entered the house, playfully inserted it into his mouth and held a lighted match for him. The instant his cigar was finished, I had another ready for him, and always, before he could protest, had him puffing. Of course, when the cigar was out and lighted he felt that he must smoke to save the weed. The result of excessive smoking was soon observable. He grew thin and appeared consumptive. The muscles over his heart were in pain, that pain called smoker's heart disease, but none nearer the heart than the big toe, and with as little to do with it. But he imagined that he had become consumptive, and a victim of the heart's disease so that the effect was the same on his mind. In alarm he consulted a physician, a good friend of mine, by the way, and the doctor, at my request, told him if he did not give up smoking he would join the turf club within two months. He referred to the matter in great distress, and I laughed at him and assured him it was better to live while he lived in enjoyment, than to exist for years in a condition of vexation. I advised him to pay no attention to a cranky physician. That settled his obstinacy in the right direction. He gave up tobacco, and I have enjoyed his undivided attention ever since. Don't be a fool. Young men will never marry girls who attempt to deprive them of any of their supposed comforts."

## No Chance to Bring to Heaven.

"Mr. Moody has a popular and very telling way of 'hitting' the errors which are so rife in the theological thinking of many persons to-day. Speaking of salvation by grace he has said: 'It is well that a man can't save himself; for if a man could only work his own way into heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being a self-made man, and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business; and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven.'—*The Mid-Continent*.

A story comes from Louth, New South Wales, of an extraordinary adventure of a little boy about two years of age, who wandered from home and was lost in the bush. He was tracked over 30 miles, and over a rabbit-proof fence before he was found. He spent five cold nights in the bush without food or water, and when discovered was still walking, though much exhausted.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best paper for deaf-mutes. It contains all the news about the Deaf. Now is the time to subscribe, only \$1 a year—52 weeks.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE murder of the art teacher of the Lexington Avenue School is a most lamentable tragedy. Five of the male pupils have been arrested, though there is no real evidence to incriminate them. However, the police always feel it a duty to arrest some one, and these boys seemed the most likely ones to have committed the foul deed. We are incredulous about the complicity of the deaf-mute boys. If more than one person was engaged and they were deaf pupils, one or another of them would have weakened and all would be known at once.

The New York Herald, in commenting on the probability that the deaf-mutes are guilty, says: "Deaf-mutes are sensitive. A look, a frown or a gesture, may cause them to feel resentment and to harbor it long and sullenly."

Deaf-mutes, like hearing people, resent injustice and imposition. It is not a peculiarity of the deaf, but is a natural and logical conclusion that would be reached by any intelligent mind.

Deaf-mutes, when educated, are exactly like other people, with only the disadvantage of being obliged to interpret things by the circumstances, actions and gestures, and the countenances of the individuals concerned. If properly educated, they are a good, honest, industrious class of citizens, as capable of self-control as are people gifted with all of the senses.

The danger to society is in the uneducated deaf-mute, whose passions have been developed and unrestrained by reason of his lack of intelligence.

All the talk about the deaf being sullen and morose and revengeful, applied to them as a class, is entirely unjust, and it is to be regretted that a great and influential newspaper like the New York Herald should give it credence or foster such an injurious misrepresentation by giving it the influence of publication.

It has been decided to hold the Fifth Summer Meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf at the Mt. Airy Institution, July 1st-10th, 1896. The committee who have the management in charge is preparing a program, which will shortly be announced, so states the Mt. Airy World.

We wonder if the pure-oralists are preparing to counteract the effect of any of the broad-gauge utterances that the national gathering of the deaf may indulge in during the sessions of their convention the week previous. At any rate, the public mind will have the benefit of a comparison of views. Let it be understood that the deaf are firm advocates of oral teaching, and "kick" only at the ultra-oralists who blindly believe their method is the only method, and that a single method is good enough for all.

Dr. E. M. GALLAUDET has issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Combined System; Approved by Friends of the Orally Taught." It is in substance a reprint of newspaper articles contributed by Dr. Gallaudet to the New York World, and has convincing letters from the parents and friends of the orally taught as well as graduates of pure-oral schools, and the report of the school committee of Portland, Me., which amply testify to the inadequacy of a narrow and repressive single method in the education of the deaf.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### The College Periodical Reviewed.

### A COMMITTEE ENTER-TAINS THE "DUCKS."

### Sundry Paragraphs from Callaudet College.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The third number of the *Buff and Blue* is just out and ranks well among college publications. The article on "John Ericsson," by his countryman, Mr. Peterson, '99, is longer than the average, and displays much painstaking research among the latest biographies of the noted man. "The Old Plank Walk" is a true "college heirloom" to this younger generation.

The Alumni Editor fairly overwhelms one with the instances of "Gallaudet's Sons" making history out in the world. To the average undergraduate an alumni item in any of their college magazines is passed over with the careless glance one would give to some reference to a long extinct animal of bygone ages, (begging the pardon of the defunct animals).

But our alumni editor is making such a thing impossible; we are being brought in pleasing touch with those who went before us, and are proud of them and their achievements in just as much as they reflect honor on our *Alma Mater*.

The Local and Athletic departments were calculated to perform a like operation with the alumni—bringing them in touch with college life as it is. The football picture of '95 team makes a gallant galaxy whose praises have been sung many a time.

Wednesday, February 5th, was Dr. Gallaudet's birthday. Quite a quaint and pretty ceremony was performed by the Juniors and Seniors of his Moral Philosophy class, in honor of the day. The class was seated before he entered his recitation room, and just as he was about to be seated the class rose in unison, and sixteen young heads bowed an old fashioned reverence to their friend and teacher of many years.

Friday evening Dr. Gallaudet's mansion was the scene of one of those pleasant receptions, to which were invited members of Sophomore and Freshman classes who were not present at the last, and the families of the "Green."

Thursday afternoon, President Cleveland held an official reception, for which special invitations were sent to Mr. Banerji, Dr. Gallaudet and his daughter Kathryn, with Mr. Barbee.

The invitations to the "Junior Promenade" were given Monday. They are odd little affairs and exceedingly dainty in their long narrow pink envelopes (8x2), reminding one of a diminutive case for "my lady's" gloves.

Rumors are rife of "Chapel Hall" having had its floor magnificently waxed Saturday evening, and of course there is no use telling you there is "dancing on the Green" at all hours.

So here's "Rah for '97 and the Junior Promenade! And may there be many another from this on!"

Within the last two weeks, meetings of the four College classes have been held for the purpose of considering certain proposed measures with regard to the, or "those Ducks;" the young gentlemen of the Introductory Class it is claimed are growing oblivious of their proper position, and a committee has been appointed which has satisfactorily fulfilled its duties of drawing up sundry strict rules, and regulations, and prohibitions, which were passed and are to be printed.

Developments are awaited with interest; details are at present a little vague.

Friday evening Mr. Ballard chaperoned quite a party of the college ladies to Rev. Mr. Koehler's lecture on his "Trip to Europe," delivered to a good-sized and intensely interested audience at Ascension Church in the city. The lecture richly repaid the "co-eds" for their arduous efforts in securing a chaperon and making the long trip to the city. Why that lecture could not have been delivered in our own audience room is beyond my comprehension. It was highly amusing and interesting and should have been witnessed by every college student here. Among the happy hits the lecturer made was that which followed the narration of a series of experiences in entering places under almost insurmountable difficulties, just explaining to obstinate guards that he was only a harmless deaf person; the conclusion was that "doors shut to

others are opened for the omnipotent and ubiquitous deaf."

After the lecture there came an informal talk and handshaking, with more anecdotes of his trip, which seems to have stored his memory with an inexhaustible supply of experiences.

The High Class and Kendall School girls are to be envied for the fund of entertainment which is provided them twice each week on Friday and Saturday evenings. Friday evening Mr. Merrill catered to their kindly critical tastes with a spirited lecture on "Ben Hur" in Kendall School chapel. Saturday evening an enthusiastic audience was entertained in the girls' study room with an amateur presentation of the quaint old fairy-tale "Diamonds and Frogs." Miss Zettel was manager-in-chief of the play, which was arranged entirely by the Kendall and High Class girls. The scenery, with the clinging ivy vines on the tall wall and about the great well, was surprisingly natural and artistic in arrangement, and the white-winged fairy with the witches and the stern stepmother were all carried out to perfection, while the closing tableau and pretty dance was a charming affair.

Speaking about plays, just keep an eye on the night of March 14th, when the "Jollity Club" is to entertain its new-made friends. Till then "mum" is the word while committees work, costumes are envolved, and a bright little high-class comedy gets under way.

Messrs. Gaw, Barbee, and others saw the Comic Opera "Robin Hood," so popular now, on Tuesday evening. Saturday evening Messrs. Clarke, Banerji, Eiy and Gaw (again) saw the same.

Sunday morning Messrs. Gaw and Jackson will hear Talmage preach at Ganton Temple Memorial Church.

Mr. Hall is now rooming at College, in No. 32. He will henceforth dine with the teachers, taking his first dinner there last Saturday.

Senator Gear, of Iowa, entertained Mr. Rothert at dinner with him on Friday.

All Washington is kicking strenuously at the size of the January gas bill. If you want to see a mournfully sad look on the face of our genial disbursing clerk, Mr. Fowler, just mention the gas bill casually. It goes above the two hundred mark and is a thing to wonder at. New gas jets have been put up in the Laboratory recitation room, and new burners on several chandeliers. There's an odd tale of how on Wednesday morning last week, the Freshman class at recitation in the Lyceum was almost suffocated. Cause:—One of "those Ducks" left the gas turned on Tuesday evening.

The champion skater of the World has been exhibiting at the Ice Palace at Convention Hall. Mr. John Donohue is this famed individual's name; his wonderful handicap race was witnessed by Mr. Bryant Thursday evening.

The Seniors take up Mineralogy under Prof. Chickering, and Butler's Analogy under Dr. Gallaudet this week. Give the Seniors either an essay subject or a grain of pity, do!

I quote a paragraph from the College letter to the *American Gazette*, which, by an odd mistake in printing, brought many a laugh at college. Here it is:—

"Mr. Ballard lectured in the chapel Sunday afternoon on 'Religion.' Rain, hail, and snow Sunday, followed by a lower temperature."

Query:—Did the chilling weather come as a result of the lecture?

Columbian University has a "Chess and Checker Club" which includes some of the best of the University students. The Club's president is a cousin to Miss Waters, and one of its champion chess players is Mr. George Gordon.

Mrs. Hyde, of New Haven, a cousin to Mrs. Fowler, was a guest of the Fowlers last week.

Misses Watts and Stemple dined with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Sunday evening.

Mrs. and Miss Price were entertained most enjoyably by Mr. and Mrs. Pearce at the Hamilton, Monday afternoon. Mr. Pearce is Postmaster-General of Jamaica, West Indies.

Miss Patenaude writes from a convent in Montreal, Canada, where she has entered as a student of French. She is greatly pleased with her new quarters; no English is used at all there.

Miss L. Watts will shortly receive a visit from her father.

Woodward & Lothrop's has on exhibition now a painting which is attracting immense crowds, at times it is impossible to enter the exhibition room on the third floor. The painting is entitled "The Blacksmith," and is worth \$25,000. Many of the "co-eds" succeeded in seeing it, Saturday, and agree in pronouncing it wonderful in the lifelike figure of the strong blacksmith, the glare of the forge fire and the light from the window. The picture, they say, will probably be sold to the Corcoran; it is called the artist's "Swan song," being his masterpiece and his last; for he died last May.

Sunday afternoon was held the

usual Sunday School concert, which was more than usually well performed.

It has been dimly rainy weather which accounts for the lack of news.

Dancing cheers the "co-eds." And yet one knows spring is nigh for the little fellows are out on stilts and it's great fun, especially when the rainy weather gives them a chance to fall serenely on the asphalt with a dull, sickening thud, and a tangle of stilts.

Prof. Hotchkiss says "that baby," among other things is a "ground-hog" baby, for it came on ground-hog day. They have named "it" Mary.

Prof. Chickering was one of the speakers at the Bowdoin Alumni Banquet last Wednesday. Other speakers were Senator Fry and Chief Justice Fuller.

L. MCDILL.

### BRAZEN.

Miss Garrett has asked the United States to give her one hundred thousand dollars, the same to be spent practically at her own sweet will. If that were all, perhaps only a comment on the overweening modesty of the request would be in order. But in her bill asking for the money she tells Congress that "deaf children can learn articulate speech and language by the use of the eye for all practical purposes as well as children who hear can learn through the ear, provided they have this (her) training in infancy and early childhood."

We have become used to the wild assertions of ultra oralists, and perhaps we ought not to be startled at this last deliberate driving of the chariot of truth over the precipice of falsehood.

Another recent instance. In the sketch of Mr. Davidson's life in the *Messenger*, the foundation for which must have come from him or from his present ultra oral associates, it is calmly stated that "not one person in thousands would consider him as lacking 'in the faculty of hearing'." It is excusable to put an exclamation point after that quotation. Every one that knows Mr. Davidson knows that speaking persons are obliged to spell, sign or write to him in order to maintain a conversation not absolutely commonplace. He has a remnant of hearing, but in many years, intercourse with and observation of him the writer has never seen him use it as an aid in conversation. If, all these years, and now, "less than one man in a thousand would suspect that he is deaf," then why under the sun of heaven did he go to a school for the deaf and graduate from a college for the deaf.

It is these innumerable, perilous plays with the truth that make honest and plain men doubt all the unproven statements of oralists, and, indeed, wonder if in their strange lexicon there is such a word as truth.

SEER.

### A "Rich" Announcement.

To refute the statement that is on the fly around town, that we are "dead broke," we offer two valuable prizes, one to a lady and the other to a gentleman, for the most amusing costume. The lady's prize is a breastpin with six diamonds, each is as large as a full-grown pea, weighing 10 karats each, and the pin is plated with gold, all valued at forty-five cents (\$45). The gentleman's prize is a scarf pin with a solitaire as big as a quarter, weighing half an ounce and is full of fire and guaranteed by Tiffany to be the first water. This is worth at least thirty-five cents (\$35). A committee of three prominent gentlemen will be selected to judge costumes and award the prizes for our Poverty Party.

Yours truly,

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE,  
Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

### OBITUARY.

Died at his residence on Lakes Prairie, in Crawford County, Mo., on Friday, January 24th, 1896, at 3:10 P.M., Charles Augustus Nute, aged sixty-three years, eight months and seven days.

The deceased was born near Boston, Massachusetts, was educated at Hartford, Ct., and moved to the State of Wisconsin where he spent several years and then came to Sturgeon, Boone County, Mo., where he remained until some fourteen years ago when he removed to Crawford County, where he lived till his death.—*Advance*.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.  
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.  
Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.  
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.  
Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y. 11 A.M., Holy Communion.

Ash-Wednesday, February 19th, there will be interpretations for Deaf-Mutes at the services in St. John the Evangelist's Church, N. Y. at 10.30 A.M., 4.30 and 8 P.M.

## MURDERED IN HIS STUDIO.

### Professor Max Eglau, of the Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes Found With His Skull Crushed.

### THREE YOUNG PUPILS ARRESTED.

Circumstances Which Go to Show That the Murder May Have Been Prompted by Revenge.

(From the New York Herald, Feb. 11.)

Professor Max Eglau, an artist, was murdered yesterday afternoon in his studio in the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, Lexington avenue and Sixty-seventh street, where he had been an instructor for many years. Three of his pupils, Peter Wolfe, Adolf Pfandler and Edmund Eck, deaf-mutes, and about eighteen years old, are under arrest, suspected of the murder.

It was a day of silent terror yesterday in the big building where hundreds of the deaf and dumb are taught. By signs, by writing, and by moving lips the story of the tragedy was told.

The Professor, who for years had taught the deaf and dumb to draw and paint, was last seen a few minutes after twelve o'clock yesterday afternoon, ascending the stairs to his studio on the top floor in the "L" of the building, which fronts in Sixty-eighth street.

He bore his more than threescore and ten years lightly. He seemed cheery and happy when Professor Dwight L. Elmendorf, who occupies the room beneath the studio, met him on the landing of the stairs. It was a busy hour in the institution then. The students were hurrying about the halls on their way to the dining room in the basement.

Professor Eglau was to have taught a class in one of the lower rooms of the building at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. He did not appear at the appointed time, and Dr. David Green, the superintendent of the institution, went to look for him. He knocked at the door of the modeling room, and getting no response, walked in.

### THE MURDER DISCOVERED.

In the middle of the floor, lying on his back, with his head almost hacked to pieces, lay the Professor. A pool of blood was about him, and his long white beard and flowing hair were stained with it. His hands lay by his sides. A shovel and a wooden pestle, both blood, stained, lay near by.

The room had the evidence of a prolonged and desperate struggle. A heavy platform, a sort of step-ladder, was thrown over, a chair was upset and the wainscoting in several places was splashed as though by the blows from the shovel. The floor was splattered with blood.

The movements of the Professor in his last moments could be plainly traced. Here the impress of a hand, which corresponded to his own, showed how he had been knocked down and had probably propped himself up to rise from the floor. Six feet away he had fallen again and risen. There was a rude half circle of blood where he had sat, supported by his left hand. The impress of the hand showed it. Close to where he fell was the impress of his left foot.

The top of the head had been crushed in, as though by a blow from the heavy wooden pestle. On the right side of the neck were two deep cuts, as though inflicted by the blade of the shovel.

The room was an apartment adjoining the studio proper and connected with it by a single narrow door. It was used for instruction in clay modelling. There were long tables along two sides, and several tubs, used by the pupils in fashioning figures. The shovel was an ordinary shovel, such as is used for earth, and had been employed in stirring up the powdered clay with water. The pestle looked much like a table leg, with the square end attached. It had been used in kneading and pounding the clay.

### BOTH WEAPONS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

Both weapons were begrimed with the clay and stained with the Professor's blood. The bludgeon also had several hairs clinging to it, indicating that it had been used in striking the fatal blow upon the head. The shank of the shovel and the upper part of the pistol, where the assassin had held it, were free from discoloration.

Dr. Green sent word immediately to the East Sixty-seventh street police station, a block away. Acting Captain Casey, with a force of policemen and detectives, took possession of the building. He stationed men to guard every ave-

nue of escape and permitted nobody to leave the building for several hours, while he carried on a most searching investigation.

The deed had been done by some person or persons familiar with the habits of the Professor, and in all probability by one who was, or had been, an inmate of the institution. There was a chance that the murderers were still in the building, although the man had been dead more than an hour. The body was stiff, and as rigor mortis sets in about forty-five minutes after death, the Professor had been dead anywhere from forty-five minutes to two hours and a half when Dr. Green found the body.

The police were of the opinion that he had been slain only a few minutes after he was seen going into the modelling room. There were no curtains behind which the murderer could have hidden. The assassins could have concealed themselves in the studio proper and then sprang out when the Professor entered.

### A POSSIBLE CLEW FOUND.

And as the police looked over the floor they found something which seems destined to play an important part in the story of this tragedy. It was the top or ball of an ordinary bone sleeve button. No sleeve buttons were missing from the Professor's cuffs.

On one of the tables were written the names Peter Wolfe, "Agnes" and "Billy." The police sent for this Peter Wolfe and pointed to the body on the floor. Wolfe is a muscular boy, eighteen years old, and his face had an honest, hearty look. An expression of surprise and horror came over his face as he looked at the body, and then an inquiring look came into his eyes.

The Captain pointed to the writing on the table, and Wolfe pointed to the name "Billy." It was "Billy" who had written the name. By means of paper and pencil they asked Peter questions, and then they searched him. In his pocket was found the other half of the broken sleeve button.

He didn't look astonished at all when the police made the discovery. The two parts of the button fitted together exactly. The police arrested Adolf Pfandler because he had been in the studio assisting the Professor, and Edward Eck because he has associated much with both boys.

### DOUBTS AS TO THE MOTIVE.

The motive which led to the murder is hard to discover. It may have been robbery. F. D. Zink, a son-in-law of the Professor, said that when he had seen the Professor at eleven o'clock yesterday morning he had \$100 in money, his salary, which he had just drawn. Mr. Zink said that immediately after his father-in-law took a Third avenue elevated train and started for the institution.

This money was not found upon him, although there were bank books showing a balance of more than \$3,000, and a gold watch and chain in his clothing. It would seem that if the Professor had been robbed of the \$100 the murderers would have taken the other valuables also. His clothing was not disarranged.

The motive may have been revenge. Perhaps his murderer wished to avenge some real or fancied slight, or injury. Deaf-mutes are sensitive. A look, a frown or a gesture, may cause them to feel resentment and to harbor it long and sullenly. I asked several deaf young men who had formerly been students there if the Professor had been popular. They shook their heads. They said that he made fun of them and they didn't like him.

Peter Wolfe had been often reproved by the old Professor. He had cleaned the brushes for the old man. They had quarrelled some, yet the Professor seemed to like him, and apparently did not believe that the boy could harbor any grudge against him. Peter fell ill several weeks ago and the Professor employed Adolf Pfandler, a sixteen-year old boy to clean his brushes. He paid him fifty cent a week for it. Peter became convalescent and came back to the studio about a week ago. He resented the presence of Pfandler there and showed it. The Professor took Wolfe back, remarking to Superintendent Green at the time that he would rather have him, as he did his work better than Adolph had done.

The Professor said last Saturday afternoon that Peter Wolfe had been unruly and that he had reproved him. This he also told to Dr. Green. What the quarrel was between the two it was hard to determine. Peter had been sullen and the Professor had been much irritated.

Coroner Fitzpatrick, who had been summoned, carefully cross-examined all three of the boys. There was nothing in their actions to betray any guilty knowledge of the deed. He suggested to the police that the boys be arrested.

### THINKS REVENGE PROMPTED IT.

Captain Casey is of opinion that the murder resulted from revenge. He thinks that there were probably two assassins, and that the Professor was struck with the shovel first.

The implement is bent over at one corner, showing that it had evidently come in contact with the wall or some unyielding obstacle in the struggle. The Professor may have sat down to his easel before the murderous assault, for there are a few flecks of blood there.

On a window in the studio proper is a small spot which looks something like blood. The catch of the window was pushed back. This window opens on a fire-escape, which leads in Sixty-eighth Street. It is barely possible that the murderers may have escaped in that way. There was a dull blotch found on the marble wash basin in the lavatory on the first floor. The assassins may have gone there to wash their hands.

The Professor must have struggled unarmed. Even if he had no weapon he must have given his assailants a good fight, for he was short, of athletic build, and very quick upon his feet for a man of his age.

The boys were supposed to be at dinner shortly after twelve o'clock yesterday. The dining-room steward says that he thinks that they were. It is possible, though, if they did commit the murder, that they could have done it very quickly, washed away the evidence of their crime and then have come down to the dining-room.

The fact that there was no blood upon the weapons where they had been gripped shows that the murderers could have had little blood on their hands.

### THE BOYS UNDER ARREST.

At the police station the prisoners gave their pedigrees as Peter Wolfe, of No. 414 East Sixty-sixth street, eighteen years old, blacksmith; Adolph Pfandler, of No. 7 Exeter place, sixteen years old, blacksmith, and Edward Eck, of No. 154 West Twenty-fifth street, vender. The last two were living in the institution and Wolfe lived at home. They had made no statement up to an early hour this morning.

Professor Eglau was born seventy-one years ago in Baden, Germany. He came to New York more than forty-six years ago, and had taught drawing and painting in this city ever since. He was for twenty-six years in the public schools, and for the last twenty years he has been an instructor in Cooper Institute. He had taught for ten years at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. He was inclined to be strict with his pupils in his old age. For one thing, he made the boys and girls sit separately while they worked in his studio and with their backs turned to each other, in order that they could get no opportunity to flirt.

He had a way, too, of poking sly fun at the work of some of his pupils which they did not at all like. He was a man of great learning and a fine teacher. He enjoyed the personal friendship of Abram S. Hewitt, the former Mayor. He lived with his wife, Lena, at No. 99½ St. Mark's Place. He has one daughter, the wife of J. D. Quirk, a house painter, of No. 130 East Third Street. Mrs. Eglau learned of his death last evening and is prostrated with grief.

Two additional arrests were made on Tuesday, William and James Fitzgerald, brothers, and both pupils of the school, are now accused of complicity in the crime. The evidence against them is the finding of blood stains upon their cuffs and handkerchiefs.

The three deaf-mutes arrested on Monday, have been discharged, and the Fitzgerald brothers, at the time of going to press are still held.

Everything is still a mystery. What the police thought a strong case against the Fitzgerald boys may prove nothing. Meanwhile the police are still hard at work on the case.

### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

15—7.30 P.M., Confirmation, Christ Church, Binghamton.  
16—10.30 A.M., Holy Communion, Christ Church, Binghamton.  
16—7.30 P.M., Evening Prayer, Trinity Elmira.  
17—7.30 P.M., Watkins.  
19—Ash Wednesday 7.30 P.M., Service and Lecture, St. James, Buffalo.  
23—10.45 A.M., Holy Communion, St. James, Buffalo.  
23—Evening Prayer, St. Paul's, Rochester.  
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

12—Evening, Indianapolis, Social.  
16—9 A.M., Indianapolis, Service.  
16—11 A.M., Indianapolis, Holy Communion.  
19—4 P.M., Indianapolis, Service, Sermon, Baptism.  
2—7.30 P.M., Detroit, Lecture.  
3—10.30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion.  
8—3 P.M., Detroit, Service and Sermon.  
Address: REV. A. W. MANN,  
Gambier, Ohio.

### ALBANY.

Mr. Chester Mann, of Yonkers, N. Y., was invited to lecture for the Bible Society on Sunday, February 23d, at the Jay Street Building of St. Paul's Church at 3 P.M. All are welcome.



# NEW YORK.

## Abbreviated News Items of the Week.

### WAS IT A MURDER?

An Aged Artist Found Dead in the 67th Street School With Several Wounds--The Deaf Man Heard the Coin Drop.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 228 East 59th Street, New York City.

What the police believe to be a murder has been committed at the Institution for the Improved Education of Deaf-Mutes, better known as the Lexington Avenue School. Max Eglau, an artist, and quite an old man, was found dead at noon Monday in his room by Dr. Greene, who had occasion to pass through his room to get to another part of the building. He at once notified the police, who now have charge of the case. An iron shovel stained with blood was found near the dead man, and it is concluded he was murdered, but as yet no motive can be assigned, as his bank books were not molested. Dr. Greene says that no outsider could have got to the room and therefore, it is concluded if it was really murder, the murderer must still be in the institution, as the police allow no one to enter or leave the building. Max Eglau was employed as an instructor in painting once a week, and lived outside the institution, but had a room there where he was found dead. The wounds could hardly be self-inflicted.

I had for some time been anxious to test the "drop the coin" trick on an impostor, and Monday night about eleven o'clock the opportunity came. A seedy looking individual entered my office and handed me a piece of paper, setting forth that he was deaf and dumb, etc. I went at him gently; asked him if he was born so, and where he went to school. Then I asked him if he could "talk on his fingers." He made some unnatural gestures, and I let out in signs, asking him where he went to school, etc. But all the answer I got was the usual pointing to the ears and mouth. Willie Abrams' heart was touched, and he gave the poor man a penny. At the same time I, unobserved, dropped a quarter, and to my surprise and delight, the alleged deaf and dumb man looked down at the coin. Willie pulled off his apron, I opened the door, and with Willie holding him up by his shoulder breeches the impostor flew out barely being able to touch his feet to the sidewalk.

I am at last in receipt of a copy of that excellent paper of Ed. J. Hecker's, and surmise I am on the "dead head" list, as said Owens used to put it. The *Hoosier* is one of those papers that are not left in their wrappers almost forgotten, and finally consigned to the waste basket.

Miss Dora Labishner and her mother have gone to Chatham, from where they go to Albany and Schenectady, to visit relatives. They will be away for a couple of weeks.

Rev. Jos. M. Stadelman continues lecture on "Christian Ethics" at the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union's rooms, 30 West 16th Street, on February 13th.

Thomas Grogan will probably manage the Xavier Base Ball Club the coming season.

Mr. John J. Viets, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in town to remain a few weeks at least. If he succeeds in getting a position he may become a resident. He is a compositor, and seems to have the grit to get a job and hold it.

Francis D. Sheldon is now in town again from Canada. Francis can not stay long in one place. He is fond of traveling, and goes off all of a sudden without informing his parents. He once went to Australia and it was some time before his parents located him.

There promises to be plenty of surprises for those who attend the Poverty Party on February 21st. I am not permitted to divulge the secret. Those who attend will behold there is something new under the sun after all.

Saturday, February 15th, the Quad Club has a "Ladies' Day." The members will entertain and a rip-roaring time is promised.

Adam Singer, who went to South Carolina about two years ago, has returned to town.

Mrs. Totten of the Gallaudet Home, who is 77 years old, is said to be very low and not expected to live.

An Italian by the name of Voight is in this city. He is a wood carver and is expecting to get work here.

R. E. Maynard and several others have started a chess club in Yonkers. Maynard and W. W. Thomas are the only deaf members.

Frank Thompson, who has been in town all winter, says he will go back to Morristown, N. J., for the spring and summer about March 1st.

If the Church of the Beloved Disciple on 89th Street proves an attraction, the Guild of Silent Workers will meet there in the future.

The head porter at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is said to be worth \$200,000. Deaf-mutes know his familiar figure, short, portly, and a cross in resemblance between Dick Croker and Ben Tracy.

TED.

### DEAF SOLDIERS.

A determined effort is being made by the Silent Army of Deaf Soldiers, Sailors and Marines to have the pension for total deafness raised from \$30, the amount at present paid for such disability, to \$50 a month. To that end the following bill was introduced in the Senate of the United States on January 7th, by the Hon. David Turpie, Senator from Indiana:

"A Bill authorizing an increase of pension in certain cases. "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that from and after the passage of this act all persons on the pension roll of the United or who may hereafter be thereon, receiving pensions for total loss of hearing in both ears, shall be entitled to receive, in lieu of the amount now paid in case of such disability, the sum of \$50 per month."

In their petition for a higher rate the deaf veterans draw a sad picture of their condition. To show the almost total disability resulting from deafness, these statements are made:

"Of these [the totally deaf members of the Silent Army] but 3 per cent. have any regular employment, and their earning capacity has been reduced from 50 per cent., and 76 per cent. have no employment because of their total deaf condition, while the remaining 21 per cent. depend upon temporary chance employment, at next to no remuneration; and of this number some have been preachers and lawyers, and others who have held high and remunerative places in the official and business world."

"We will not dwell on total deafness as it affects the spiritual and religious life, for he has no more spiritual and religious advantages than had Robinson Crusoe on his sea girt island. The church spire to him is only a topographical landmark; the preacher in the pulpit is no more interesting than are the antics of a harelquin; at the death couch his words of cheer, consolation and hope are never spoken. The line of communication with his spiritual and religious environment is hopelessly lost."

There can be no sympathy between the deaf as we know them, and these veterans who have lost their hearing in mature years, except as one feels pity for the other who is similarly afflicted; and some deaf-mutes, we know, have been disposed to criticize the veterans for such expressions as are above quoted. The same said of our pupils and graduates would be very far from the truth; yet, we do not think that the deaf veterans have gone beyond the facts in their statements. An unjust discrimination has been made against them in the classification of disabilities, and we hope that this discrimination will be removed and an amount given them that is nearly commensurate with the awful sacrifice they have made in the cause of our country. No amount of money could fully repay them, but it is their right to receive sufficient to enable them to live without dependence upon their meager powers of gaining a livelihood.—*Silent Hoosier*.

### E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.  
16-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.  
16-2:30 P.M., Salem Society.  
EDWIN W. FRISBEE.  
182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

### NOTICE.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey will give an interesting lecture on "Under the Red Flag," a tale of the Paris Commune, at St. John Hall, 224 Waverly Place, on Tuesday, February 18th, at 8 o'clock P.M. It will be used to defray the expenses of a Fair for the support of the Gallaudet Home, and it is expected that a large number will be present. Admission, 15 cents.

### DIRECTIONS.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist is situated at 216, 218 and 220 West 11th Street, corner of Waverly Place. Cars from all parts of the city run within one block. The Blue cross-town cars running from 23d Street Ferry, via Union Square, to Christopher Street, pass the door. Also the 13th Street Ferry cross-town passes the church, running through Waverly Place. Take 6th Avenue Elevated Railroad and get off at 8th Street, and walk a few blocks to the Church.

Mr. W. E. Hoy has signed with the Cincinnati Club for 1896.—*N. E. Young in a recent bulletin*.

It is a coincidence that Utah is the 45th State and our school is number 45 in the list of public schools for the deaf, as published in the *Annals*.—*Deseret Eagle*.

# COLUMBUS.

## Committees from the Legislature Visit the Ohio Institution.

### LOOKING AFTER THE DAY SCHOOLS.

#### A Budget of Interesting News.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There was a teachers' meeting Tuesday afternoon, after school, and it proved the most interesting one of the series thus far held. A number of questions had been prepared by the Superintendent from McMurtry's General Method, including one on the Articles. The latter was the only one touched upon. To Principal Patterson was assigned the subject. He spoke of the difficulties the deaf have in mastering them. One reason of this was that the teacher himself sometimes expected the pupil to know as much as himself, and hence the matter was not presented to the pupil as clearly as it should be. He would always be confused in employing them correctly. Mr. Patterson illustrated the use of the articles in teaching them to a class of beginners very clearly. He urged the necessity of frequent drill until the pupil fully understood how to employ them and unless this was done the three little words "A, An and The," would prove a stumbling block to the pupil through his entire school course.

Ohio is beginning to do justice to her deaf by giving them the same school advantages as is accorded to the hearing children. Before many days the length of time allotted to deaf children at school will be equal to that of those of the public schools. Last week Mr. Hard, of the House Committee on this institution, introduced a bill, the provisions of which extend the school course of deaf children from ten to twelve years; also that they may be admitted into the institution at the age of seven years. Thursday afternoon the bill passed the House and is now in the Senate, where there is no doubt it will also have smooth sailing. There seems to have been no opposition to the measure.

The House Finance Committee was down Wednesday afternoon. Superintendent Jones conducted them through the building and explained to them some of the urgent needs of the institution. After they had left, Mr. Jones informed us that the Chairman of the Committee saw the necessity of better lighting facilities and would do all he could to have the building provided with electric lights.

Looks as if the Cleveland Day Schools for the Deaf were going to be looked after and get their portion of the State's money—that is, got State support. The following from the *Cleveland Leader* of January 30 will explain how and why it is to be accomplished:—

"COLUMBUS, Jan., 29.—Hon. Harry C. Smith intends to make himself useful to Cuyahoga county as a member of the committee on deaf and dumb asylums. He has just discovered that Cincinnati has been getting the better of Cleveland in the matter of support for her deaf and dumb schools, and Mr. Smith intends, if possible, to get an appropriation from the State to extend the work of this department in Cleveland.

"Cincinnati has only one school, and twenty-one deaf and dumb pupils. For several years the city has been receiving a per capita of \$100 for these pupils, while Cleveland with two schools and forty-five pupils, has been getting nothing. It is thought that Cincinnati will ask for a renewal of the appropriation again this year. If she does, and it is allowed, Mr. Smith will ask for \$4,500 for the Cleveland deaf-mutes. Several members of the committee have agreed to assist him in procuring the appropriation."

If Cincinnati is entitled to receive support from the State for the education of her deaf children, there is no reason why Cleveland and other cities of the State should be otherwise treated. The proper place, however, for all deaf children to be taught, is at the State Institution, and as long as there is room to accommodate them, they should be sent here. Perhaps some day when the Institution is located out of the city and having a good farm attached and other advantages which can not be secured in the heart of a large city, there will be but one school where all can secure equal attainments.

Mr. Patterson some time ago sent a remittance to Mr. Daniel L. Wright, the aged and infirm mute for whom a subscription is being raised. He received a letter

acknowledging the remittance and gratefully thanking those who remembered him in the time of need. He had recovered from his recent illness, but was in no condition to work whereby to keep the wolf from the door. He is being looked after by a niece, herself in humble circumstances with the care of an aged father, 84 years old, to provide and attend to. Mr. Patterson will be glad to receive any contributions persons may be disposed to give and send it to the needy man.

A number of hand-grenade fire extinguishers have been purchased and distributed about the house, where they would do the most good in case a fire should break out.

The Executive Committee of the Home held a meeting Monday evening, and chose Mr. Schory, Chairman, and Mr. McGregor, Secretary. Mr. Schory was delegated as a committee of one to ascertain the immediate needs of the Home and report the same. He will go up there to-day on this mission.

Mr. Flenniken was in yesterday. He reports having thirty chickens, eggs plentiful and two pigs, the donations of Mr. H. P. Barton and Mr. E. A. Yeagley, of Columbiana County. The two seem the best of friends despite their color, one being coal black and the other white.

Mr. Simon Kingry last Fall moved to Columbus from Grove City, and started upon a boarding house, hoping thereby to do better than they did by farming. The tide, however, did not seem to be in their favor, and they have concluded to move back. This they will do Monday, February 10th. A party was given in their honor last Saturday evening by a number of their friends, as a reminder of their residence here. The evening was spent pleasantly together with games, and refreshments were served at their close. Among the deaf present were Misses Nellie Dundon, Kuhner, Biggam, Heyl, and Mrs. Bivlah, Crout, Miller, Messrs. Elsey, Neutzling and Fred. Schwartz.

On account of an increase in the work in the bindery, several additional ladies have been employed to take the places of some who left last summer. The recent additions are Mrs. Beulah C. Miller, of Findlay, and Miss Bertha Dresback, of Licking County, who graduated from here last June.

The City Council has passed an ordinance to have a record made of all the deaths reported to the Board of Health for some years past. The next day Mr. Wm. H. Williams, the Director of Public Safety, in whose charge the Department is, appointed Mr. L. D. Waite to do the work. Mr. Williams is a former steward of the Institution, and knowing something of the deaf and what they can do made his selection from among their number. That the work will be well done by Mr. Waite no one will doubt, as his long connection with the Recorder's office has established his reputation as a painstaking and competent gentleman to perform such duties. In this connection the Columbus evening of Wednesday editorially says:

"Had Director Williams, of the department of public safety, searched the city over with a microscope he could not have found a better man or a more efficient clerk to make the indices in the board of health than Mr. L. D. Waite, who for sixteen years made the indices in the office of recorder of the county."

Mr. Frank Gillespie now wears the proud distinction of being a father. On Sunday, February 2d, his wife presented him with an infant daughter. Frank is bearing the honors gently. A little baby also came to bring sunshine into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Vance on the 31st ult., but its stay was limited to one brief day. Mrs. Vance, nee McNeely, has been sick, but hopes are entertained of her recovery.

The Independent baseball club held a meeting Wednesday, and organized for the Spring campaign by choosing officers, and placing the players as follows: Mat. Steinwand, manager and scorer; E. Hedges, captain; M. O'Donnell, assistant captain. C. Whitehead, third base; W. Stark, second base; M. Albert, centre field; C. Urban, first base; G. Martin, left field; H. Kibler, right field; E. Hedges, catcher; M. O'Donnell, pitcher; G. Shade, sub.

Feb. 8, '98.

### The Presidential Succession.

In case of removal, death, resignation or inability of both the President and Vice President of the United States, the order of succession is as follows:

1. The Secretary of State.
2. The Secretary of the Treasury.
3. The Secretary of War.
4. The Attorney-General.
5. The Postmaster-General.
6. The Secretary of the Navy.
7. The Secretary of the Interior.
8. The Secretary of the Agriculture.

This issue makes the whole number of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 1255.

# FANWOOD.

## Fanwood: "A Centre of Silence."

### A TRIP TO SWITZERLAND

#### The F. L. A. to Meet Oftener --An Accident--A New Girl--Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

"A Centre of Silence" is the title of an article which appeared in the February number of *Romance*, a magazine published in this city. It illustrates the article with three half-tone photo-engravings: (1) "Raising the Flag," (2) "The Girls' Gymnasium Class," (3) "The Boys' Football Team." Mr. Randal Douglas, a graduate of this school, is the photographer of the pictures. The article reads as follows:

"The New York Institute for the Deaf and Dumb on the Grand Boulevard, of which Mr. Currier is principal, is perhaps the most remarkable centre of silence in New York City. Here are several hundred healthful, bounding, bubbling girls and boys, enjoying all the sports and general fun engaged in by the average youth, and all without a sound. The boys of the school have been formed into a military regiment, wearing a gray uniform. While stiff enough in their uniforms they still have all the elasticity and suppleness that belongs to youth. They have just introduced at the Institution compulsory gymnasium exercises for both the boys and the girls. Football was also introduced, and played in utter silence; but the faculty had to prohibit the game, since the young players became so enthusiastic over it. Mr. Cook, who has charge of the gymnasium classes, in speaking of this enthusiasm on the part of the girls and boys, informs me that once a deaf-mute becomes interested in anything, he does not stop until he becomes over enthusiastic. He undoubtedly has more concentration than the ordinary run of boys with all their faculties. He works, indeed, like a Trojan, and plays accordingly. 'The main trouble I have with my boys and girls,' says Mr. Cook, 'is to prevent them from trying to do too much. They would be in the gymnasium twelve hours a day, if I would let them. We are going to teach the boys hand-ball to take the place of football, which the faculty has just put a stop to. The boys played such a red-hot game of football and played it with such deadly earnestness, that we thought best to call it off before some accident occurred. In military manoeuvres and drills the students are surprisingly adept in the giving and understanding of orders by the use of the fingers. Not a sound is heard, yet the corps executes one manoeuvre after another with the utmost precision and regularity.'

### NOTES.

Four kinds of weather in a single week.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson returned from Boston Monday morning.

The storm last Thursday again damaged the telephone wires.

An artist of the *Christian Herald* came up to illustrate signs Sunday afternoon. Prof. Fox was the artist's model this time.

Lucy M. Lewis, a little girl, seven and a half years old, died from diphtheria, in the cottage hospital, at midnight on February 11th.

Osmond Loew is now learning the printer's trade. He is very glad his papa and mamma now live in Philadelphia, because it is nearer to New York than Chicago.

On February 10th, William Kuhn, a little Mansion House boy, died from oedema of the lungs following an attack of measles, despite all efforts to save his life.

A "new girl" arrived on Sunday evening, February 9th, 1896. The newcomer weighs nine pounds, and Physical Director Cook says it is at his house, and his face beams with joy.

Wednesday, the 12th, was Lincoln's Birthday. It is a legal holiday in this State. At the Institution chapel exercises were held in the morning. An account will be given next week.

The Nominating Committee of the Fanwood Quad Club ought to put "Ted" down for Vice-President. His half column last week in praising the committee is a bid for the Vice-Presidency.

Among the visitors on Lincoln Day, Wednesday, February 12th, were the following named graduates and former pupils: Messrs. John F. O'Brien, Alex. L. Pach, Theodore O. Lounsbury, Ad. Ekardt and John Lloyd.

The cousin of Joshua Levy, one of the pupils of this Institution, whose stage name is "John Hyams,"

and who is a member of the "Rush City Company," played at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, N. Y., a short time ago. Joshua, by invitation, attended one of the performances, and says it was a rare treat.

The Literary Association again met in the chapel Saturday evening. President Jones announced that meetings would be held every Saturday evening, except when the pupils have their monthly social in the girls' sitting room. Prof. Jones then entertained the members with two stories, and close attention was paid throughout, and at the conclusion he was given a vote of thanks.

Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel met with an accident on Friday afternoon. In attempting to open a window of the play room in the Primary Department (Mansion House) one of the panes of glass broke, and inflicted a cut in his forehead. Dr. Alexander, the attending Physician of the Institution, sewed up the wound, after which Mr. Van Tassel was able to depart for his home in North Tarrytown, N. Y.

"Switzerland" was the subject of the stereoscopic lecture Sunday evening. Scenes of the Swiss Republic in the world were shown, which are beyond description. The pictures as shown on the white canvas resembled the work of great painters. The Alps with its white mantle of snow almost looked real; indeed I know of nothing better as factor in enlightening the pupils on history and geography at the same time.

Mr. Grogan, the manager of the Xavier Baseball Club, and Mr. John Lloyd, a former pupil of Fanwood, who is better known by his old classmates as "Limpy John," (for the reason that while at school here one day was chosen as a "hare" in a game of "hare and hounds," and caught a few miles from the institution limping) were here on Friday afternoon to see the Principal in regard to having a new pupil admitted.

Prof. R. D. Hoyt and Tutor W. G. Shanks attended the Poultry and Pigeon Show at Madison Square Garden Wednesday evening, February 6th. While on their way they were delayed by a fire which broke out on the Sorrento apartment house, 24 and 26 West 125th Street. The cable car in which they were in stopped just in front of the said fire, enabling them to gaze at the burning structure. They got at the garden a little late, but say that it was worth their while, as there was so much to see. Mr. Shanks, who has seen something of farm life, said that he wouldn't have missed the show for anything.

Who said consolidation? Surely the idea did not originate with me. So much has been said on the subject and nothing done towards bringing it about, that I thought I would see if those who were advocating it were in real earnest. A. L. P. and "G. G." are silent. "Ted" says "rats," and "Montague Tigg" would like to see some deaf moneyed men build the club house. Sorry I have wasted time and much of the JOURNAL's valuable space. Hereafter I'll let consolidation go to the winds, as it seems to me the deaf of this city don't want to consolidate.

A. QUAD.

### President Lincoln's Picture.

A picture of President Lincoln published recently in the *Chicago Record* is a copy of the bas-relief made several years ago by H. H. Zearing, the Chicago sculptor. For this study the artist used a photograph taken in 1850 by Brand, whose studio at that time was in Lake Street. It was in the heat of the Lincoln-Douglas senatorial campaign and the Republican candidate was living at the Tremont house. One morning he dropped into Brand's studio to sit for a picture.

"I don't care how you take me," said Lincoln to the photographer, as he sat before the camera.

While the arrangements were being made Lincoln ran his fingers through his hair, saying that he looked "too much primped up."

Some time after having his picture was taken "Honest Abe" was named for the presidency. For many years he kept his face smoothly shaven, and it was not until after his election that he raised the beard which appears in his most familiar likenesses.

The plate containing the picture passed through the great fire of 1871. Brand's studio was destroyed, but the proprietor, seeing that his place was doomed, gathered up a number of his most valued negatives, among which was the one of Lincoln, and locked them in his safe. The plate was slightly damaged, but still prints good pictures, and is stored away in the establishment of the successor in business to Capt. Brand.

A newspaper seller of Lyons has just died, leaving a fortune of 100,000 francs.

"There is plenty of room at the top; when there is little it will cease to be the top."

# TWO BOYS

## Who Are Part of the Life of Their Deaf and Dumb Aunt.

### JUDGE GAYNOR WON'T PART THEM

"She Has Taught them the Sign Language, and I Saw Them All Talking Together," Says the Judge. He Can't Take Them Away, as It Would Be Like Two Deaths in the House.

(From the Brooklyn, N. Y., Citizen.)

Marshall H. Smith, of Burleyville, Sullivan County, general guardian of his step-sons, Edward Doll Swett, aged 10, and John A. Swett, aged 8, the children of his deceased wife, applied to the Supreme Court on a writ of habeas corpus for the custody of the boys, who, he said, were detained by their maternal grandmother, Bessie G. Reed, of Stapleton, S. I., who refused to deliver them up to him. Mr. Smith deposed that Adeline W. Piening, of No. 591 Marcy Avenue, this city, had offered to provide liberally for the support and education of the children, provided he continued as their guardian, and intended to name them in her will as legatees if they were restored to the custody of their guardian.

Mrs. Reed, in her return of the writ, says that the children were left to her by their mother, who died in her house. She swore that the guardian was not a proper person to have the care of the children. She swore that the mother of the children left her husband, the petitioner, on March 28, 1894, with the intention, as she said, of never returning to him or residing again at Burleyville. Mrs. Reed further showed that Emma V. Reed, the deaf and dumb aunt of the children, had always had the care of them, and was deeply attached to them.

Judge Gaynor, before whom the case has repeatedly come, many attempts having been made to settle the matter satisfactorily to both sides, to-day decided in favor of Mrs. Reed, with this short opinion:

"These two little boys, eight and seven years old, having lost father and mother, have since lived with their maternal grandmother, Bessie G. Reed, at Stapleton, S. I. Her unmarried son and daughter are also of the household. The grandmother owns the modest house in which they all live. She is the housekeeper, and the son and daughter earn wages as skilled workers in Appleton's bookbindery; and, besides, these little boys have together an income of about \$30 a month from property left by their parents. The household is thus comfortable, and it is happy, also. The little boys are going to the public school. The daughter (their aunt) is a refined and attractive young woman. She is very fond of them. She is now deaf and dumb, though not born so, and they have become part of her life. She has taught them the sign language, and I saw them all talking together. I have not been able to bring myself to take these little boys away from this family. It would be like two deaths in the house. I find it easy to refuse them to the stepfather. He is, in fact, trying by this writ to get them only to deliver them over to their paternal grandmother. I have not found it so easy to refuse her. She has quite an estate and offers to make her will in their favor if their custody be given to her. But money is not everything in this short life. Those who have it know how delusive is the notion that it brings peace or happiness. I think it best to leave these children where they are; but their paternal grandmother ought to visit them and they ought to visit her. The reflections upon the other grandmother ought to be withdrawn. She is an intelligent, good woman. The writ is dismissed."

The boys are related to Edward D. Appleton, the publisher of New York City.

### Legend of February.

Why February has twenty-eight days is explained in the legends of the past. A French publication devotes one column to this curious subject. One is of an old woman who, tending her flock, ridiculed the month of February because it had dealt so leniently with her and her sheep. Then February felt insulted, and made leap year, and borrowed a cold day from March, and froze her and her flock. There is a Norman legend which makes it out that February had originally as many days as other months, but February was a confirmed gambler, and lost at dominoes a day both to January and to March. Strange to say, there is an old story of Egypt, wherein the God of February plays forfeits with the moon and loses certain days.



## PHILADELPHIA.

### A Deaf-Mute Woman Found Dead.

### A SURPRISE PARTY.

#### News Items in Brief.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Thomas Daley, of 46 Howard Street, Nicetown, Philadelphia, early Thursday morning, caused by the barking of his Newfoundland dog, got up and went out, following the dog and discovered the form of a woman half immersed, face downward, in a pool of muddy water at the rear of his house. He hastened to inform Policeman Lawson, of the Twenty-second Station, and together they succeeded in recovering the body from the mire and in removing it to Daley's house. The woman was still breathing, but before a hastily summoned ambulance from the Sanitarian Hospital arrived, she was dead.

Up to this time nothing was known of the woman's identity, but Daley suspected that she might be the wife of his neighbor, James McClintock, who lives at No. 1622 Staub Street. The pond was in a vacant lot just in front of Mr. McClintock's house. The deceased woman was a deaf-mute and her maiden name was Margaret Smith, who was educated at the school for the Deaf at Broad and Pine Streets, several years ago. She was then regarded as half-demented. Daley's suspicion proved to be correct, for when he went over to inquire for Mrs. McClintock at her house, it was found that the woman was missing. The husband is also deaf and dumb, but his mother-in-law, Mrs. Smith, explained that Margaret might have arisen early, and either intentionally drowned herself or accidentally wandered into the water in the darkness and was unable to call for help. The husband and mother identified the body and it was taken to their home. Mrs. McClintock leaves three children, William, aged 10; Edward, aged 6; and James, aged 4. She was evidently mentally unbalanced, besides having suffered much trouble, and when she left the house on Tuesday evening last, her husband, thinking that she was lost, notified the police, who caused her description to be telegraphed all over the city. She returned of her own accord, however, and did not leave the house again till last Thursday morning. She was about thirty-seven years old, and often left home and remained till compelled to return home by hunger. On Wednesday morning she is said to have told her husband that she was tired of living and wanted to die. She was a sister-in-law of Sergeant McClintock of the 22nd district Sub-Station. Mr. and Mrs. James T. Young, Mr. H. S. Stevenson, Mr. W. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sands, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Brothers Robb, Messrs. H. Blankenship, J. R. Lewis, Jos. Ferral, L. Westerhood, Maguire, Sol. Bacharach, Timothy McCarthy, and over fifty friends and relatives, witnessed the funeral of Mrs. Margaret McClintock at her husband's house yesterday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Koehler, assisted by a Methodist minister, conducted the funeral service. The remains of the deceased were taken to Mt. Moriah Cemetery, where they were buried. Mr. McClintock and Mrs. Smith have the sympathy of their friends here upon the sudden departure of poor Margaret.

Some evenings ago, Mr. Charles H. Sharrar arrived home in Keyser's, Pa., from his shoe factory in that city. He and his wife were surprised by the immediate arrival of about seventeen deaf friends of theirs, who came directly from this city with congratulations to them upon their wooden wedding anniversary. All took supper with the couple and spent the evening pleasantly. The couple received the surprise and greetings with much pleasure, and couldn't express how thankful they felt.

The Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild met, with Rev. Mr. Koehler presiding, in the vestry room of the church last Tuesday evening.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. Thomas Breen recited "Called Back," before a small audience of deaf-mutes, in All Souls' Club. His delivery was very clear and graceful, for which he was loudly applauded and a vote of thanks tendered. The meeting would have been much larger had not the weather been very stormy.

For several reasons, Prof. Edwin Stanley Thompson has postponed his interesting lecture on Alaska until February 27th. Prof. John P. Walker will interpret it to the Deaf. Admission is a dime.

The physicians of this city will feel richer for a few days; for they are treating Messrs. Thomas

Breen and Robert M. Zeigler's eyes, which will be covered by gold-rimmed spectacles. They are also treating a felon on the finger of Mr. Fred Buch.

The lady Committee on the management of the literary and musical entertainment at Albrecht Hall, on Wednesday evening, has decided to produce the play of the "Merchant of Venice," in the Caledonian Athletic Club Hall, 13th and Spring Garden Streets, on Thursday evening, April 23d, provided that date is not engaged.

Tickets will soon be ready for sale. It is hoped that costumes and play will excel all former plays. A full orchestra and a whole-souled interpreter will be secured. Bring your friends to enjoy it, or you will be sorry, indeed.

We are glad to hear that the deaf-mutes of York have re-organized their guild in 'St John's Parish. It will be known as "The Ephphatha Guild" of St. John. Messrs. Michael Barnitz and Elmer Brooks were elected warden and collector, respectively.

John Batzum has been unanimously re-elected Hose Director of Hampden Fire Company, of Reading, Pa.

Beginning Ash Wednesday, February 19th, Evening Prayer will be read every Wednesday evening, at All Souls' Church, and appropriate lectures given.

Bi-shop Whitaker will hold confirmation services at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, March 8th. Several deaf-mutes will be confirmed.

#### THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Feb. 10, '96.

#### BALTIMORE.

The Society held its regular literary meeting on Wednesday night, January 27th. The meeting was called to order by President Mooney, at 8:30 P.M. The evening's programme was opened with an interesting story, entitled "An Extraordinary Story of the Israel Brothers," by Mr. A. C. Buxton. A nice story, entitled "A Valuable Horse," was given by Mr. J. S. Kavanaugh. Mr. J. E. Fowble was to give his story "An Old Man Fooled," before the audience, but suddenly he got rattled, so that he could not relate it. He was followed by Mr. H. S. Anderson, who recited an interesting story, entitled "A Jump for Life." A dialogue was to be given by Messrs. J. C. Wess and W. Bornhoff, who was absent. An interesting declamation, entitled "Sorrow," was given by Jas. W. Briscoe.

The president announced the appointments for the next meeting, on Wednesday evening, this week, as follows:—Story-telling, Misses B. W. Kreisel and E. M. Schulte, Messrs. J. A. Branflick and W. McElroy; dialogue, Messrs. J. E. Fowble and J. C. Wess; declamation, Miss Maggie Schuman.

Secretary J. A. Branflick is in receipt of a letter from Moderator Geo. W. Veditz, of Colorado, stating that he had resolved to appoint Mr. Branflick as president of the Society to succeed President Mooney in March; at the solicitation of the members.

Rev. J. M. Koehler came over from Philadelphia last Wednesday night, and held a service in the chapel, which was not crowded, on account of the bad weather. His text was Titus 2: 11.—"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." He delivered an interesting lecture before the audience of the members and friends, in the Society's hall on the night of the next day.

The subject was "European Travels," and it lasted for almost two and a half hours, but it was not finished. He stated that he would finish it on some future date. A vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Mr. Koehler for his kindness in giving his lecture. After the lecture, he went to Washington, D. C., that night.

Miss Annie B. Barry came over home, from Frederick, on Friday evening, February 1st, to spend her time with her parents. Misses Emma M. Schulte and Bertha W. Kreisel and Messrs. Wm. McElroy and Jas. W. Briscoe were Sunday callers at her home. Miss Barry returned to the school on Monday morning, (3d).

Miss Barry was in receipt of a letter with a photograph from her old deaf pupil, Miss Mary Woodrow, stating that she would come down to Frederick in June, when there will be the Second Annual Re-union in the School, and then come over to live in Baltimore. Her photograph was perfect, and she was looking much better. She is living in Rock Island, Ill., and works in a cigar factory at Davenport, Iowa. Her deaf brother is now one of the pupils of the Maryland School for the Deaf. Miss Woodrow went to Davenport, in 1892.

We do not expect to have as large a delegation of Baltimore Deaf-Mutes at the National Convention of the Deaf of America, which will be held in Philadelphia on the latter part of June, as we had in August, 1894; because there will be the Second Annual Re-union at the Maryland School for the Deaf during the middle of

June. We are very sorry that the Committee of the National Convention chose June.

The Society will have a Grand Chocolate Reception in its hall on Saturday evening, February 23d. The affair is in charge of the lady-committee, headed by Miss Bertha W. Kreisel, chairman. An admission fee of five cents will be charged.

Miss Bertha W. Kreisel went to see her friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss, two Sunday nights ago, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Bossa. Miss Kreisel went by herself into the wrong house, next door to Mr. Amoss' house. After discovering her mistake and making excuses, she reached the right place.

Mr. Harry J. Gill and his father left this city for Hot Springs, Ark., on Monday, January 20th, to spend two or three months, for the benefit of the latter's health.

An exhibition of fine stereopticon views will be given in the chapel for the benefit of the Grace Guild of the Deaf, on Tuesday night, February 18th.

Rev. Job. Turner came over from Washington, D. C., to see Mr. Daniel E. Moylan on business, three weeks ago.

Mr. F. Wurdman, of Washington, D. C., was seen in the chapel, and the society on Sunday afternoon, January 27th. He was the guest of Mr. Harry Achey.

The society will have a grand musical concert in March. The committee are Messrs. Branflick and Mooney, and will make arrangements with Mr. Thomas, leader of the Glee Club.

A wee, little stranger, a girl, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith on January 27th. Mother and child are doing well.

Leo, Bromwell, colored, aged six years, an inmate of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on Saratoga Street, was playing on Argyle Avenue near Greenwillow Street, last Friday, when he ran into Car No. 26 of the Central Line. He was knocked down and received a slight cut over the right eye.

The Famous Hanlon Brothers present their new "Superba," a grand pantomime, at Harris' Academy of Music this week. Many of the Deaf will go to see it.

Feb. 10, '96. WILFORD.

#### Another Healer Disappears.

A SELF-STYLED COUSIN OF SCHLATTER WHO SAID HE COULD CURE THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The sensation which James Burke, the alleged healer, created at Saginaw has collapsed. He disappeared last night at 6 o'clock. The large audience which packed the Second Baptist Church after waiting until 9 o'clock went home disappointed, for the "healer" failed to materialize.

He was last seen about 6 o'clock, when he left his lodgings, telling his landlady that he was going over to the church. What has become of him is a mystery, though it is thought he has gone to Bay City and will return to-night. Several of Burke's alleged cures have been investigated, and a local physician wagers that half of the patients only imagined they were ill.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Burke gave no intention of his departure, talked freely of his good work, and said that he had a force of carpenters at work at the Park Rink getting that building in readiness.

A visit to that place this morning fails to show that the building has been opened in a month. A peculiar feature of Burke's sudden disappearance is that he left no unpaid bills, and his followers are confident that he will return to-night.

Owen Bowers, proprietor of an employment bureau here, says he recognized Burke as a man he had arrested several years ago for assault and battery. The case was tried before Judge John E. Nolan, but the defendant was acquitted. Bowers claims that he afterward received at times threatening letters from him.

A German named Dickman, who runs a saloon, corner of Warren and Johnson streets, near the church where Burke held forth, states that the "healer" frequented his saloon, but never drank anything stronger than beer. It is believed here by certain of his followers that Burke is Schlatter.

Burke has had many patients, some from out of town. A fair sprinkling of them have related how they were seized by an intuitive confidence at the first mention of his name.

Mrs. William Perry, of 930 North Sixth Street, testifies that she has been afflicted with dropsy for a number of years, and that a single visit to Burke gave her relief. George Munro, who was scarcely able to raise his arms from his side as a result of rheumatism, took one of Burke's treatments and was also delivered from pain.

Burke complained greatly of fatigue, having been worked night and day since his arrival here. In conversation yesterday, Burke said:

"My normal weight is about 180 pounds, but I weigh only about 148

pounds at the present time. When I treat a great number of cases I often become so weak that I faint, after which I am compelled to take a rest. After a rest of several days or a week, I become so full of the healing energy that I tremble like a leaf. At such a time I could insure the cure of a dozen persons who were either deaf or dumb.

"There are but twelve or fifteen healers of my class in this country. There is a point I would like to make clear right now, for it is one which all the newspapers have failed to make explicit. As I have said, I am not a spiritualist, but there is a similarity between us. My power is exerted by the divine power of the Lord through the departed spirits of friends of the patient. Now I hope my principles are clear to all.

"It is remarkable the different degrees of energy that are displayed in the treatment of different patients. As I take the hand of some of my patients I experience a quick jerk, a firm grip, or a mild touch, indicative of the nature of the spirit friend of the patient in life. The strange part of it all is that my patients readily recognize the grasp indicated by my hand—each succeeding spirit directs. Many of them have told me that it was the handsake of their mother, or father, or certain friends."

But little has so far been learned of Burke's life, and until yesterday he had been strangely reticent concerning himself.

"My parents are still living," he said. "My mother resides in Chicago, and my father, the last I heard of him, was at a little town twenty miles from Edinburgh, Scotland. He left my mother many years ago because she devoted her life to the church.

"I am an own cousin to Schlatter, the healer, who disappeared so suddenly from Denver. Schlatter's mother and mine were sisters. I also had a brother, George Burke, a divine healer, who was killed or died in South America several years ago. At least we all suppose he is dead, for none of our family have ever heard from him since he went there."

Burke claims that Schlatter's parents are both living in a small town in Germany. Among Burke's town yesterday was a letter from Mary L. Davis of Grand Rapids, who expressed faith in his work and asked him to bless a handkerchief which she enclosed and return it to her. She is afflicted with rheumatism, and expects to have it driven out by Burke.—*Detroit Journal.*

#### Fresh Air.

We hear many wholesome instructions upon the importance of cultivating a cheerful temper. But too often it is assumed that it is simply an affair of resolution and that all you have to do is to resolve to be cheerful and you will be. We have come to learn that mental states are very closely connected with physical causes. The wit who answered the question: "Is life worth living?" by saying: "It depends upon the liver," gave utterance to a profound truth. You tell me that I ought to be cheerful, but I do not feel so; indeed, I feel like revenging myself on you for giving me such heathen advice.

Do you not see that I am in the dumps, and were it not for my resolution, I would sink still further in them? Let these Job's comforters, who are directing people to an end, give a little more attention to the means. What you should tell your friend to do is to leave his stuffy room, first flinging open every window the breezes of heaven, and to go out for a brisk walk in the open air; what he needs is not an exhortation, but oxygenization of his blood. Behold him an hour later, as he returns with face aglow! The blues have all left him, and he beams upon you with a radiant glance. Fresh air did it. What American housewives need vastly more than the tonics with which they dose themselves is more fresh air. After the children have gone to school let the mother put on her sack and bonnet, and spend an hour in the open air. It is an excellent time to look in for a moment on a friend who lives a mile or two away. What if the housework is not done? It will be dispatched with equal speed and better heart an hour or two later. And there will be the added advantage that when the husband returns at night he will be greeted by a smiling face and a cheerful spirit.—*Watchman.*

#### Anything to Please.

Mudge—See here, what did you mean by saying I wasn't half witted?

Yabsley—What shall I say? That you are half witted?—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A school-teacher, who had just been telling the story of David, ended with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh, dear, narn, what a memory you have got!"

## CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

### Celebration of the Incoming of 7249.

BATHS AND DEBT PAYING A PRELIMINARY—DEVOTIONS TO JOSS A FEATURE—THE DAY CHIEFLY DEVOTED IN CHINATOWN TO CALLING AND DRINKING NO END OF BRANDY.

(From the N. Y. Sun, Feb. 10.)

While the rest of us are plodding along contentedly enough in the year 1896, our fellow citizens in Chinatown are just entering upon a brand-new era five thousand years and more ahead of us. For them it is the year 7249, and they celebrated it fittingly in Doyers, Pell, and Mott Streets last night, when the year 7248 ended. Socially, religiously, and bibulously they celebrated. All night the solemn tom-tom beat in the temple of the great Joss; all night the streets of the quarter were lively with Chinamen trotting out to make calls, or staggering away from hospitality more wide than wise; all night the seductive Oriental cordials chased the fiery Celestial whiskey down yellow throats, and it is safe to say that Chinatown awoke to-day with that repentance which cometh late on the morning following, attended by elephantiasis of the head and other unpleasant symptoms.

All of it was done solemnly, however, for the ushering in of a new year is a solemn celebration. No Chinaman would let it go by without the proper observances. Even the members of Wo Bing Tong, the No Queue Club, who abjure pigtails and smoke ten-cent cigars, lapse into Orientalism on this day, and it was more than whispered that not a few of the Sunday school Chinamen who have professed so much religion at the feet of their fair instructors—and in some cases have married them—came back to Chinatown last night and oncemore set rice and wine at the feet of Joss.

There is a right and exact programme for New Year's Day in Chinatown. First of all John makes himself clean—very clean. Several baths, one after another, with soap, unguents, perfumes—a recent fashion among the Chinese—brushes, and soft and thick towels, serve to attain this end. Then the queue is carefully prepared, but the method of this is a secret which no white man may understand. A short beauty nap serves to make the eyes bright and superinduce a feeling of general fitness.

Previous to this John has paid up and collected all debts and dues wherever that was possible; but if any remain over, he now goes out to settle them up, for it is his purpose to begin the new year clean of dirt and debt. This is one new year's duty: the second is hospitality; the third is inebriety. Or, to translate a Chinese maxim, "Cleanliness is next to drunkenness and a man's house is his neighbor's castle on the first day of the year."

So John puts his house in order with plenty of rice, whiskey, nuts, preserved fruits, sugared pressed flowers, watermelon seeds, other dainties ready for the delectation of his friends, and starts out, with his sleeves full of red visiting cards, on his rounds. It was not until afternoon yesterday that the streets of Chinatown began to take on a really festive appearance, all the morning having been consumed in preparation. By two o'clock every one of any pretensions to social position was out, dressed in his best. Calls were exchanged, varying in quality from the very ceremonious, which consists in seventeen bows and one drink, to the warm and friendly, consisting in one bow and seventeen drinks. In general that house was most frequented which set forth the greatest array of refreshments. To any one who knows the ropes, Chinatown hospitality is boundless on this day. The proper thing to do is to enter the house slowly and with a dignified mien and approaching the host with many bows, trill out:

"Ching a fa toi." It is essential that this little ditty be chanted with the proper tonal emphasis, for if the notes are mixed it becomes a most insulting epithet, corresponding to the American idiom regarding which the Western man said to the Coroner's jury that "any man what got called that would shoot, even if he was one," whereupon they absolved him of blame without leaving their seats. Properly rendered this selection expresses pleasant New Year's wishes, and the host having heard it waves his guest toward the refreshment counter after bowing to the verge of standing on his head. Unless the visitor is an intimate friend he is not expected to spend more than an hour or so at the eating place. Ordinary acquaintances bid their host farewell in a succession of obeisances and depart to the next place. Intimates, however, may invite him to drink with them. As he has been abstaining from all alcoholic beverages for weeks in anticipation of the event, and has, moreover, prepared himself by gargles of hot water, he is quite ready for anything in the line of a drink, and compliments fly over the liquor

jars. When at length the friend departs he makes a low bow, saying:

"May the spirit of your ancestors abide ever with you, and the noble mansion which is honored by your august presence shelter your descendants for ten thousand years."

To which the other, performing a courtesy that makes him look like a Crooke's tube, says:

"I call down upon the peaceful blessings of a prosperous existence. May your queue be hung in a Joss house and your bones be preserved as holy relics in golden boxes."

This was usually enough for any visitor, and he went. Some of the well Chinamen this year prepared selections from the poets and philosophers which they rung in upon their host. So the afternoon wore away in feasting and exchanging courtesies. In the evening all the Chinamen went to the Joss house, and laying gifts at the feet of Joss prayed for prosperity and wisdom. Having performed this they went back, and had some more to drink.

There were Chinese visitors from Philadelphia and Boston in Chinatown last night, and a very few Americans well known in the colony.

#### Gen. Grant in Japanese Eyes.

In the July *Century* is printed a translation of portions of a quaint Japanese Life of Gen. Grant. The following is an extract from it:

In the spring of his seventeenth year he expressed a great thought to his father, and addressed him, saying: "I have in my mind the thought that, when four years from to-day have passed, I shall not be doing this kind of labor." The father, thinking it a strange thing, said, "Do you hate your father's hereditary trade? Do you hate to become a leathermaker, and spend your life thus? What profession, then, do you expect to adopt in future? Do you expect to go into the fields carrying a sickle and a hoe? Do you expect to sell and buy things in the market? Or do you fix your eyeballs upon books of 10,000 volumes, and desire to speculate reasons and promote moralities, and become a man of wide knowledge?" Gurando Kuen, replying to these questions, said, "To cultivate the field and become a farmer is well, but to spend the whole life as a hireling is no well. To take a Soroban (counting-machine) and become a merchant and gain profit is well, but along with it to make bad practice is not my desire. Contrary to all this, our ancestors, in the war of Independence of this country, sowed great merit, I hear. I also, entering a military school, will have to show my arm in the time of great things. O Father Kuen, how is it?" The father, being exceedingly glad, did as he wished.

#### An Eccentric Artist.

The most talked of artist in the world to-day is a slender, frail young man of 22 years who was earning \$1.75 a week a few years ago with a T square in an architect's office, and whose income at present is fully \$20,000 a year. He is praised, ridiculed and abused as few artists have ever been before, but the whole world is talking about him and buying his grotesque pictures. Aubrey Beardsley lives in London, and it is chiefly to Oscar Wilde that his peculiar style of drawing owes its vogue, the patronage of that writer having made them popular. Covers for books, theatrical posters and illustrations for novels are turned out by the industrious young artist in great numbers.

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